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ROMANISM AND THE IRISH RACE IN THE UNITED STATES.

PART II.

THE Catholic states of Europe refused toleration to Protestants. England, after a sharp experience of Papal intolerance, retaliated on the Catholics, chained them up with penal laws, and so left them. The great Laplace, speaking on the subject to an Englishman not long before he died, said : " You have got the Catholics down in your country; take care you do not let them get up again." Could England have thought only of herself, she might have taken the advice, and have left her laws unrepealed. Had she done so, there would have been no Catholic revival. Peers would not have gone over to the Church of Rome, if they would have forfeited their seats in the House of Lords. Their eldest sons would have thought twice before taking a step which would have given their estates to their younger brothers. Even the clergy and the fine ladies would have hesitated, if conversion, instead of being a mere migration from one fashionable community to another, had brought penal consequences with it. It was Ireland which forced forward Catholic emancipation. We had to choose between emancipation and rebellion. We took the former as the lesser evil of the two. We dressed it up in fine phrases, as if we regarded it as a tardy act of justice. We professed unnecessary penitence for our fathers' bigotry, and the Roman Catholics, as members for the Irish constituencies, became a power in the state. Their bishops, who in the days of oppression had been modestly grateful when the laws against them were allowed to sleep, sprang into power and political consequence with their army of Irish voters behind them. The chains were broken, and it remained to see how they would act.

Emancipation was the work of the English Liberals, and as such it was violently resisted by the old-fashioned Tories and clergy. The Tractarian or Anglo-Catholic movement in the English Church began, it is curious to observe, in the indignation of the Oxford divines at the Emancipation Act itself, which they regarded as the triumph of Latitudinarianism. The two parties were working to a common end when they thought themselves most opposed to one another. Without the revival of Catholic sentiment among Protestants, the Irish members would have been a harmless addition to the House of Commons. Without the constitutional importance which the Catholics obtained by the removal of their disabilities, Cardinal Manning would, perhaps, never have been converted; and Cardinal Newman would have carried with him into obscurity but a few nameless personal admirers. Latitudinarians and High Churchmen have brought about a result between them, which each least expected; and O'Connell's Irish *tail* and the Oxford theologians together have created the singular phenomenon of English polemical Ultramontaniam.

There is an agreeable absurdity in the combination. Cardinal Newman must wonder at himself when he receives a deputation of leading Irish Catholics, as he recalls the feelings with which he remembers that he once regarded them; but it is another illustration of the fatality which has attended all our efforts to reconcile the Irish to their connection with us. Every step which we take widens the rift which divides us. Every blunder returns upon ourselves in some unforeseen and dangerous form. It is proverbially foolish to cry over spilled milk; and, if England had clearly abandoned her old traditionary policy toward Ireland, it would perhaps be well to bury the recollection of it. There has been one common principle, however, which has governed English dealing with that unlucky island from the first. It has not been abandoned; there is no thought of abandoning it; and this, it is at least possible, may lie at the root of our failures. We have insisted that Ireland shall share the same institutions which we have found to answer for ourselves; we have concluded that whatever is good for us must be good wherever it is applied; we have steadily fought from the beginning against the real facts of the case; and, if we may judge by the sameness of the result, we are doing the same thing at the present moment.

Before the Conquest, the Church of Ireland was independent of the Holy See. The Irish prelates admitted the primacy of the

Pope, but the Pope was only *primus inter pares*. The Irish people paid no Peter's pence to him, and his bulls carried no authority among them. Henry II. bought his pardon for the murder of Thomas à Becket by forcing Ireland into the general European system. Whether the effect has been to bring England and Ireland together, history can tell.

As with religion so with social organization. The Irish were ruled by their own kings and chiefs, the natural heads of the septs and clans, under laws which suited their habits. On the Conquest the invaders necessarily took the government upon themselves. But they substituted the Norman feudal system for the Irish tribal system, and the feudal system would not work in Ireland. The feudal lords had no mercenary army to enforce submission with. They could maintain themselves only through the loyalty of their Irish retainers. To secure that loyalty they were forced to humor Irish prejudice and to adopt Irish customs, and thus their rule lost its English character. They became, to all practical purposes, chiefs like the native chiefs ; and, instead of Anglicizing the Celts, they grew into Celts themselves of a stronger and harder type. The main effect which was produced by the Fitzgeralds, the Fitzurses, the Eustaces, and the great barons of the Pale, was to rivet the links which bound Ireland to Rome. The old cathedrals and abbeys, to which the Celtic peasantry in later ages have been so passionately attached, were almost entirely the work of the Norman nobles, who were Roman to the heart.

In England the Roman yoke became gradually intolerable. Under Henry VIII. the English Parliament broke with it, and Ireland was required to break with it also. Religion was changed next. The Irish peasantry might possibly have become Calvinist : Calvinism suited the Celtic nature. It was born in France ; it was bred in Switzerland ; it was adopted by Scotland ; the Highlanders accepted it at last ; and the Welsh, if they are not Calvinists, are Protestants of an extremely emotional type. The Celtic nature requires something which is intense, real, and passionate. If any phase of the Reformed faith could have taken root in Ireland, it would have been of the kind which suited Wales or Scotland. But Calvinism would not do for England. England required something which was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but a hybrid which was both and neither ; and what she chose for herself she insisted that Ireland should share with her. The Irish rebelled again and again ; whole provinces were depopulated ; the churches fell to

ruins ; the miserable people perished in hundreds of thousands. To no purpose. The Anglican Church was to be the Church of Ireland—that, and nothing else. Nor was this the worst. Ireland was not only to submit, but she was to seem to submit of her own will. The English princes did not like to act as despots. They were constitutional sovereigns, who ruled with the consent of the representatives of their subjects. As England had a Parliament to legislate for her, so Ireland must have a Parliament. She must not only have laws imposed upon her which she hated, but she herself must seem to approve of them by her own peers and burgesses, if only to keep up appearances before the world.

Of all English institutions a Parliament was the least suitable to Ireland ; the last which, if left independent, Ireland would have established or maintained for herself. It could exist only on condition of being tied fast with Poynings Acts, and choked with constitutional gags. But the strait-waistcoat was fixed upon her if only for the sake of uniformity, and it was hoped that she would move easily under it in time. She did not move easily under it. No sooner was England herself in difficulties in 1641, than another bloody and desperate insurrection broke out in Ireland. Patrician and peasant, Norman noble and Irish chief, combined in one supreme effort to drive the English out. They fought desperately, and for seven years they had the country to themselves. Then Oliver Cromwell came among them, and all was over. The people were crushed ; the land was confiscated and distributed among the Puritan regiments ; Popery was proscribed ; the Anglican *Via Media*, with its Liturgy and bishops, was abolished, and Puritan ministers were sent in their places. The Parliament was ended, and a few Irish constituencies were allowed to send representatives to London. Oliver's hand was hard, but there was no hypocrisy about him. Clear action was for once taken on the real facts of the situation. The Irish were a conquered people, and were treated as a conquered people.

Nature always responds favorably to complete sincerity. While Cromwell lived the Puritan colony in Ireland thrived. The Celts ceased to struggle with the inevitable. Two generations of the iron hand, and the Irish would, in all likelihood, have followed the example of the Highlanders. Popery would have disappeared for ever, and, the irreconcilable element once removed, the two nations would at last have become one.

It was not to be. The Restoration came, and all was once more

confusion. The Irish Parliament was set up again ; the bishops were set up again. Cromwell's soldiers were to be forced into conformity, and to escape they sold their estates and went away. The Stuart sympathizers were Catholics, so Romanism was again to be tolerated. The old owners demanded back their lands. Part of them they got ; the whole they hoped to get. The reaction in England was checked by the Revolution of 1688. The Irish Catholics made another fight for it, to be once more beaten ; and then, if ever, the English had a final chance of redeeming their accumulated errors. Instead of doing so, they repeated every one of their errors in a grosser form. They did no one thing that they ought to have done ; they left nothing undone which they ought not to have done. They had now resolved to have done with Romanism at home, and they stifled it down with penal laws. They extended their penal laws to Ireland, but they allowed them to be executed only far enough to exasperate, while the creed which they were designed to extinguish intensified its hold. Persecution may succeed if it is thorough-going. It is the wildest of follies if the hand is lifted only to show that it can not or will not strike. Ireland was poor and miserable. The English ought to have shown that the English connection meant at least material prosperity. They deliberately determined, on the contrary, to keep Ireland poor and miserable as the readiest means of preventing it from being troublesome. They destroyed Irish trade and shipping by navigation laws. They extinguished Irish manufactures by differential duties. They laid disabilities even on its wretched agriculture, for fear that Irish importations might injure the English farmer. The best hope of really uniting the two countries was to make Ireland Protestant in the real sense of the word, and to encourage Protestants of all kinds to settle there. The hierarchy of the Establishment hated Protestant Dissenters worse than it hated Catholics. The Anglo-Irish prelates and gentry disliked Presbyterians because they were republicans, and disbelieved in Episcopacy. England did not care to protect them, because a vigorous Protestant Presbyterian element in the country might make it less easy to maintain a legislation thus destructive to industry. Therefore the Presbyterians of the north were driven in thousands to America, where they revenged themselves in the battles of the Revolution. The Irish Parliament ought to have been suppressed, and Cromwell's Union should have been revived. But the English members were unwilling to admit Irish representatives among them who might be noisy over their grievances. The

Irish Parliament, therefore, went on as before, consisting only of Protestants, and representing only Protestants—the very worst conceivable institution for the government of a conquered people. It oppressed the poor peasantry as it pleased. It was prevented from being troublesome to England by systematic corruption.

But, of all the fatal gifts which we bestowed on our unhappy possession, was the English system of owning land. Land, properly speaking, can not be owned by any man. It belongs to all the human race. Laws have to be made to secure the profits of their industry to those who cultivate it, but, the private property of this or that person which he is entitled to deal with as he pleases, land never ought to be and never strictly is. In Ireland, as in all primitive civilizations, the soil was divided among the tribes. Each tribe collectively owned its own district. Under the feudal system the proprietor was the crown as representing the nation ; while the subordinate tenures were held with duties attached to them, and were liable on non-fulfillment to forfeiture. In England the burden of defense was on the land. Every gentleman according to his estate was bound to bring so many men into the field, properly armed and accoutred. When a standing army was substituted for the old levies, the country squires served as unpaid magistrates on the commission of the peace. The country-squire system was in fact a development of the feudal system, and, as we gave the feudal system to Ireland, so we tried long and earnestly to give them our land-owners. The intention, doubtless, was as good as possible in both cases, but we had taken no trouble to understand Ireland, and we failed as completely as before. The duties attached to landed property died away or were forgotten ; the ownership only remained. The people, retaining their tribal traditions, believed that they had rights upon the land on which they lived. The owner believed that there were no rights but his own. In England the rights of landlords have similarly survived their duties, but they have been modified by custom and public opinion. In Ireland the proprietor was an alien, with the fortunes of the residents upon his estates in his hands and at his mercy. He was divided from them in creed and language ; he despised them as of an inferior race, and he acknowledged no interest in common with them. Had he been allowed to trample on them and make them his slaves, he would have cared for them, perhaps, as he cared for his horses. But their persons were free while their farms and houses were his, and thus his only object was to wring out of them the last penny which they could pay,

leaving them and their children to a life scarcely raised above the level of their own pigs.

Even under these hard conditions the country made some progress. The Presbyterian colony in the north survived its ill usage. It was weakened but not extirpated. There was a brave spirit in many of the gentry which bore them up against their difficulties. The Celt was broken down and submissive. Some degree of English law and English order was established. It is curious to observe that in the middle of the last century—the very time on which modern Liberals look back with greatest shame—Voltaire describes Ireland as well governed and as beginning to be prosperous. England, unhappily, was determined that Ireland should not be prosperous. She persisted in her injustice till she drove the Protestant colonists to make common cause with the Celts against her. As the Norman-Irish barons before the Reformation, so the country gentlemen of a hundred years ago, became as hostile to England as the Celts themselves. The tyranny which forced America into revolt was forcing Ireland also along the same course, and the Parliament in College Green became the center of the national resistance and resentment. Both races, Protestant and Catholic, combined to demand justice, and England, embarrassed by a war with France and the war with America, was compelled to yield. The laws which had ruined the trade of Ireland were repealed. The laws against the Catholics were relaxed also. Then it was hoped that all would go well. But it was too late. Concessions made ungraciously never conciliate, and encourage only larger demands. The Irish Celts hated England. They had always hated her. They were now ceasing to fear her, and believed once more that they could shake off the yoke. The alliance between Irish Protestant and Irish Catholic was a passing illusion. Again there was a rebellion; again it was bloodily repressed, and the Irish Parliament was brought to an end.

Once more it was proved that Ireland could not free herself, and that for good or evil she must remain attached to England. Then at last it might have been expected that England would have reflected seriously as to the causes of her long failures, and have endeavored to amend them. Every plan had been tried but one—cruelty and gentleness, tolerance and intolerance, Church-of-Englandism and Parliament. One course only had been left untried, a firm and just government. Since the country could not be free from the English connection, England was bound in honor and duty to see

that at least justice was administered there alike to high and low, and this had never been done or tried to be done save for a few years under the Protectorate of Cromwell. To this, after the Act of Union, English statesmen ought to have addressed themselves. But again it was precisely this which was left unattempted. They saw that they had been wrong in the past. They wished to do better for the future. But justice was troublesome. It could not be done without offending prejudices, without sacrificing Parliamentary support, and invading perhaps the sacred rights of property. Ireland could not be provided with a just government, but the Catholic disabilities could be taken away. The Irish people could be given votes. They should have a share in the extended liberties which the English people had obtained for themselves. Then every complaint must end. Then they would share to the full the blessings and advantages of the best Constitution which the world had ever seen. They would learn to appreciate the gift and bless the hand by which it was bestowed. Alas ! it was not the want of the franchise, it was not the political disabilities of the Catholics, that had caused the misery of Ireland. Catholic emancipation could not drain the bogs, build houses, plow and plant the soil, teach the owners of it wisdom, and the peasants who dwelt upon it industry, put down beggary and assassination, punish landlords who robbed their tenants, or tenants who shot their landlords. It gave social consequence to Popery. It gave the priests political power, and in giving them power restored to their creed its respectability and importance. But to the Irish peasant it was giving a stone for bread, and for fish a scorpion. It mocked them with hopes which it could not realize. They could send their representatives to Westminster, but only to be outvoted by their old enemies. The land of their fathers still belonged to the stranger. The soil out of which they supported themselves was not theirs. The Saxon could turn them adrift upon the world at any moment that pleased him. The chasm which divided landlord and tenant became wider than before, and the discontent more deep, as the hopes of the Irish to get rid of the intruder altogether still were disappointed. To tell a people that they are conquered, and must submit to a power stronger than themselves, may be harsh, but if it be true it can be endured, and it can be endured easily if the conqueror's rule is practically beneficent. To tell a people that they are free to manage their own affairs, but to leave them in such a condition that they must use their freedom as others please, is a mockery and an insult. Free-

dom to Ireland means the land to themselves, and a government of their own choosing. Freedom in that sense England can not and will not allow to Ireland. That is the hard fact, and thus every step in the way of concession has but led to deeper disaffection, as it has strengthened the power of resistance.

Public opinion refused to look the truth in the face. We had given Ireland political reform, and political reform, we flattered ourselves, would do its work in time. The first catastrophe which broke upon us after emancipation was the potato-famine. Before English rule had established itself in the shape of the policeman, the numbers of the Celtic race were kept down by internal wars and feuds, and want of food. The Irish annals are a monotonous record of fights among the O's and the Mac's; of farmsteads burned, and cattle carried off as spoil. Under such conditions, settled industry was impossible. Corn could not be grown. The people lived like wild animals, upon meat and grass; and in Spenser's time the Celtic population scarcely amounted to half a million. English rule at least enforced a kind of peace. The chiefs could no longer openly make war on one another. The potato lent its fatal help—the potato and heedless landlords, who attended to nothing so long as their rents were paid. Thus in 1846 the half million had grown to nine millions, seven of which were absolutely dependent on a single miserable root. The root failed: the whole island was smitten; hundreds of thousands were starved to death. Millions fled across the Atlantic to found a new Irish nation in hospitable America. In a state of misery, human beings are generally unreasonable; and the Irish were never distinguished for drawing accurate conclusions. All that they were suffering was laid at England's door; and, indeed, in a sense, with justice; for except for us they would never have been alive to suffer. And, if we had been more faithful in our stewardship, Ireland would have been as wealthy and prosperous as the sister island, and not at the mercy of a potato-blight. We did what we could: we subscribed money; we laid a poor law on the land. But it was to no purpose. The emigrants went away with rage in their hearts, and a longing hope of revenge hereafter with America's help. Those who staid, again talked rebellion, shot landlords, and gathered pikes and rifles. The United Irelanders of 1798 revived in Fenian lodges; and, from the time of the famine, dates a spirit of settled, sullen hostility to England, and everything English, more profound and more organized than any which has been known for the century. Those who know Ireland well, have seen

the change in the temperament of the people. The light-heartedness, the wit, the humor, have disappeared. In the few instances where the Protestant landlords had resided on their estates, and had taken an interest in their tenants, difference of religion had not prevented a kindly feeling growing up toward them. The Celtic peasant is instinctively loyal to the chief who is visibly set over him; and in default of a chief of his own blood he had, within limits, looked up to the stranger who was in his place. All this is gone now. The one desire is to shake the landlord from off the soil, and break if possible the English connection. They hated it from the first; we have done nothing to make them cease to hate it, and we have done too much to justify their detestation. We acknowledge our sins, but we do not amend them. Our only remedy is to pour oil into the fire, to break the cords with which we had tied them down, while we remain determined as ever to refuse them the one concession for which liberty is valuable to them. The Catholic Church has sanctified the Irish cause. It has made patriotism respectable. It has given the peasantry the sympathy of Catholic Europe. Without their religion they would have yielded long ago. In the dream that we can detach the Catholic Church from the popular cause, we weaken the Protestant garrison which our fathers established at so desperate a cost. We disestablish our darling Anglo-Irish Church. We paralyze the power of the landlords. We surrender our control over education. We leave the bishops and clergy to train the children in principles and in an interpretation of history which are certain to intensify their dislike of us. It is true that the Established Church had been a mistake and a misfortune from the first. It is true that we had made it worse than it need have been, by appointing scandalous persons to the Irish sees. It is true that our English land system was unsuited to Ireland, and ought never to have been introduced into it. But it was no longer possible to leave the tenantry in the power of a set of land-owners who could never have done their duty properly, and from change of circumstances could now no longer do it at all. In another age, and under other habits of mind, the Church would have been made a real church, and authority would have been established in a just and tolerable shape. High statesmanship is impossible now. Our only expedient is to abolish authority altogether, and to pass the power over to the people themselves; and then we are surprised that they are still dissatisfied, and we ask with open eyes what they can want more. What can they want

more? They want the lands again which, by yielding the points for which they fought, they forfeited for a rebellion which we now allow to have been legitimate. They want their country. They want to be rid of the chain which binds them to a union which they detest and have too much reason to detest. As hopeless is the dream that by any concession which we can make we can really conciliate the Roman hierarchy. They will take what we give them, but they will not thank us for it. To the Roman Church belongs, in their own conception of what is their due, not Ireland only, but England also. The small installments of justice which have been wrung from us, they do not owe to our repentance but to our fears. The one weapon in their hands is the popular agitation which threatens to turn into rebellion. They will not let the flame blaze out, but never will they seriously try to extinguish it altogether till a Roman Catholic Primate is again installed at Canterbury; then, perhaps, and not till then, will the interest of the Church cease to be identical with patriotism. Not till then will the old allies be divided, and the priest be found on the English side.

Not so long ago the English army and navy were filled with Irish recruits. Half our victories were won by Irish peasants. That was in the days of oppression, when the Irish knew that England was their master, and respected us for not being afraid to say so. All is changed now. Few and half-hearted are the "boys" at the present day whom the sergeant's shilling can tempt at Cork or Mallow. Those who would once have enlisted under the English flag are now in New York and Boston, in Chicago and Cincinnati, forming the rank and file of the Catholic army which is to conquer the United States. They have carried the war, too, into our English and Scotch cities. As they have emigrated to the United States, so they have emigrated to us. They have gone to Liverpool and Manchester, to Glasgow and Birmingham, to Leeds and Bristol, to earn our wages and to share our suffrage. In forty English constituencies the Home Rule League boasts that the Irish vote will govern the return. When parties are nearly balanced again in the House of Commons, the Irish members will decide whether Liberal or Tory is to hold the reins, and it is whispered that the virtue of neither party will stand the trial. It is on the cards that they may make constitutional government impossible, or, if we wish to save it, may force us to let Ireland go.

Nor can it be said that in Ireland itself we are doing anything to entitle us to keep a hold upon it. No government has a right to

exist which will not at least try to protect life and to keep order. Crimes enough have been committed in Ireland ever since we have been connected with it, but we have at least endeavored to punish them. Two instances have happened within the last few years from which it would seem that we had abandoned even these rudimentary elements of our business there.

The first was the murder of a detective policeman named Talbot. When so much inflammable matter is lying about, the authorities in Dublin Castle are driven to use the services of men who can disguise themselves outwardly and inwardly ; who can assume the character and win the confidence of those whose secrets they wish to discover. It may be wrong to employ persons of this kind, but every civilized government does employ them and must employ them. The detective police are a body without whose assistance modern felons would have us at their mercy. Talbot's business lay not among felons but among political conspirators. Political conspiracy is held in these days to be more respectable than murder and burglary, and to deserve more honorable treatment. We still admit, however, that too ardent patriots may be lawfully hanged, and if they may be hanged it is hard to see why necessary means may not be used to detect and convict them. Talbot had been eminently successful. The Castle had no better servant belonging to it. His disguises were impenetrable, his power of acting unsurpassed. The Fenians had seen their most private counsels betrayed at the critical moment, lodges were broken up, the most carefully laid plots were anticipated. They discovered, at length, that the traitor was a police-officer, and in the open day, in the most frequented street in Dublin, a patriot named Kelly walked up to Talbot and shot him through the neck. He lingered till the next day and then died. The assassin was caught red-handed, and was tried. There was not the slightest doubt that he had fired the bullet. The defense was that the death had not been caused by the wound, but by the unskillful treatment of the surgeon. The plea was allowed. The wives of the twelve jurymen received widows' caps by the post, intimating the fate that awaited their husbands if they dared to sacrifice an Irish patriot, and Kelly was acquitted. He was tried afterward for wounding another man who had been active in his arrest, and for this he was sentenced to a few years' penal servitude. But for the murder of Talbot he was not punished at all. Irish opinion justified the verdict. The policeman was held to have deserved his fate, and Kelly to have done good service in killing him. And to this

conclusion the Government submitted. Ireland was to be ruled according to Irish ideas, and this was one of them. The authorities at the Castle seemed unconscious that, in allowing an officer to be sacrificed with impunity for doing too well and faithfully the duty on which they had employed him, they had themselves practically abdicated. Loyalty for the English administration there had long been none, and respect perhaps as little. But a government which permits itself to be laughed at and set aside by the extemporized justice of popular disaffection has forfeited its right to exist. It is not only useless, but mischievous. It teaches the most fatal of all lessons, that the law may be broken with impunity. It is simply an enthronement of anarchy. The public opinion which acquitted Kelly was a defiance of English government, an open declaration that, if law was to be obeyed in Ireland, it must be such a law as Ireland approved, and no other. The union is maintained by force. That is the fact, and that will continue to be the fact. If England had really wished to "reconcile" Ireland, she would have informed the Irish patriots that, jury or no jury, murder should not go unpunished. An act of Parliament should have been carried on the spot by the consent of both the political parties in it, to bring the murderer to London and try and hang him there ; and one emphatic act of this kind would have done more to put an end to Irish disloyalty than all the Papist relief acts which have been passed for a century. Relieve the Papists if it be necessary. The time may be past when men can be fitly disqualified for their religious opinions, but a government which confesses its inability to punish assassination is a mockery and an abomination, and the sooner it comes to an end the better for England and for Ireland both.

The second case is that of Lord Leitrim, who was shot last year near his own door, in Donegal. Lord Leitrim was called a hard landlord. His estates lay in the most lawless part of the island, and he retained the old-fashioned notion that he had a right to use the power which the law gave him to clear off persons whom he knew to be dangerous. In money transactions with his tenants he was just and even generous. When he evicted a man from a farm, he gave him the full compensation which the law prescribed, but go the man must if Lord Leitrim did not choose that he should remain. In these high-handed proceedings he was certainly imprudent, and perhaps he was needlessly harsh. He was guilty of the anachronism of trying to carry out in a changed time the policy for which the English landlords were imposed upon the country. He, for his part,

in such part of Ireland as had fallen to him to administer, was determined to crush out Irish disaffection. He did not reside himself in security in England and send his perilous orders to be executed by his agents. He was a brave old man, and lived in the middle of his property as careless of danger as a soldier on a campaign. He was threatened often, but he went on upon his way, till at length he was killed on the road at a short distance from his house. There was probably not a person in the neighborhood, not a servant, even, in his own family, who did not perfectly well know the hand that had fired the shot, but no one would give evidence. Man or woman who had come forward as a witness would have been treated as Lord Leitrim was treated, and the people were quite aware of it. Again, as in Talbot's case, Irish opinion declared that Lord Leitrim had only got what he deserved. His coffin was insulted at his funeral, and, to reconcile England to the sentence which Ireland had executed, stories were industriously circulated charging him with scandalous personal profligacy. As far as such charges bore upon his death, they were totally without foundation. He was seventy when he was killed. The most that could be proved was that he had been, perhaps, irregular in his early years. He was to be shot in Donegal at seventy because he had been wild at college.

Even supposing that the worst that had been alleged of him was true, are we to have a Corsican vendetta in Ireland? The government that tolerates such things is self-condemned. Its one duty is to take itself away. It stands there confessedly incapable of protecting its own officers or maintaining the elementary laws of human society, while secret tribunals administer a separate justice of their own. Yet we are contented to shake our heads; to regret that the victim should have provoked his fate by his arbitrary ways; and we rejoice in our hearts that we are rid of so troublesome a person.

Each crime of this kind undetected and unavenged is a fresh rent in the veil of self-complacency with which we hide the truth from ourselves. Ireland, we are assured, is infinitely improved. Old acts of injustice have been repaired. The people are protected from oppression by the land act. Their religion is honored and respected. They have all the liberties which are the pride and glory of England. It appears that they have a good deal more liberty. The land act, good as it may be, does not give them the full protection which they desire, and they are allowed to supplement it by laws of their own. Liberty to commit murder with im-

punishment is not a form of political freedom which we can contemplate with satisfaction.

It may be said that this Donegal atrocity is exceptional. Fifty years ago landlord-shooting was a common form of political sport. Now it is only here and there that a rare example is needed. Fifty years ago the Catholic clergy were all enlisted among our enemies. Now it is their interest to be loyal. The sectional animosity which divided Ireland into two hostile armies has disappeared with Protestant ascendancy, and the Catholic Church lends its powerful influence to put an end to crime. In a certain sense this is true. The Catholic Church will use its influence on the side of order as long as Ireland is administered in the way which it approves. But it will not prevent or punish assassinations like those of Talbot or Lord Leitrim ; and landlord-shooting has become exceptional, only because the landlords know that they have no support to look for, and that if they are to exist at all in Ireland they must be content to exist on sufferance—that is to say, the effort to assimilate Ireland to England has been abandoned. The Protestant gentry are satisfied with receiving their rents as long as the people will pay them. If they attempt to do the work for which they were intended, they will be shot, with the general approval of the country, and English statesmen will shrug their shoulders and regret that they should have been so wrong-headed as to misunderstand the signs of the times. The Protestant clergy similarly are made to feel that, if they exert themselves to proselytize, their schools will be burned, and their converts will be rattened. They may keep their own flocks, but only on condition that they remain quiet, and do not add to them.

It is easy to see whither all this is tending. Land-owners with nothing to do are an anomaly, a burden upon the soil, and will soon drop out of existence. Teachers of religion who may not teach are spiritual eunuchs, and will have no progeny. If the stream runs with comparative smoothness, it is because there is no resistance, and it flows on with gathering volume to its natural issues. Were England out of the way, and Ireland left to settle its own affairs, a free Parliament, meeting at Dublin, would at once establish Roman Catholicism; and would make it, if not impossible, at least very uncomfortable, for any other religion to exist by the side of it ; the act of settlement would be undone, the rights of the landlord would be reduced to a rent-charge, the rent-charge would become a life annuity, and the life annuity would soon cease to be

paid. No one who knows Ireland can doubt that this would be the form which affairs would take. The Catholic population is five times larger than the Protestant. The voting power would be in the ratio of the population, and the Catholics would vote as the priests directed them.

There is, indeed, an appeal beyond the ballot-box. In the north of Ireland the Presbyterians balance the Catholics in numbers, while they far exceed them in wealth and intelligence. The remnant of the Presbyterians who survived the persecution from the Established Church and the Tory aristocracy, have taken root in the soil. They are a stern, hardy race, of the same creed and mettle as the Scots from whom they came, and they would not bear without a struggle to see Ireland again Celtic and Romanist. They would be strong enough of themselves to make head in the field, volunteers would not be wanting to stand by them if the Protestant flag was flying, and a brave minority may reverse by arms the verdict of the polling-booths. It remains still uncertain what Ireland's destiny would be if she were left to decide it for itself; but such a trial of strength, by the irony of Fate, the connection with England forbids. No revolution is possible where England nominally rules. According to established constitutional principles the majority must prevail; and, if Ireland is to be governed, as Mr. Gladstone says that it must be, by Irish ideas—and Irish ideas are held to be those which are expressed by the majority of votes—the entire strength of the empire is committed to Catholic and Celtic ascendancy. Slowly, like a retreating tide, the Protestant element is receding—one by one the cords are breaking. That nine tenths of the soil shall be owned by Protestants, while the political power is in the hands of Catholics, can not long continue. It is against the nature of things. In the great war against the English Reformation the Catholics have won the first campaign. They have reconquered Ireland.

Thus, on both sides of the Atlantic, the principles of constitutional government have permitted the growth of a party at once religious and national, which is the natural enemy of religious and political liberty; which demands toleration, yet will concede no toleration; which aspires to undo the work of the Reformation, and turn back the tide of human things. To an impartial looker-on upon the ebb and flow of the organic forces the spectacle is profoundly interesting. He sees with admiration constitutional statesmen and philosophers so confident in their theories that they allow

their open enemies the fullest advantage which they can derive from those theories. They rely on truth to bring its own justification. They permit every superstition, and every national and political passion, free room to assert itself, and they have an entire assurance that all will go well so long as the voices of the majority prevail. He sees, on the other hand, a spiritual belief which our fathers had believed to be dead rising like a thunderstorm against the wind in the face of the spirit of this age. A united Italy may have stripped the Pope of his immediate dominions ; but in every country in the civilized world the Papacy has recovered a practical power which more than compensates the loss. It divides France with the republicans. It brings to terms the imperious German statesman. It is the enemy of freedom, yet its power is greatest under the freest governments. It has delivered Ireland from Protestant ascendancy. It invades America by Irish arms. In England, if not as yet politically powerful, it has converted the Anglican Church into a training-school by the infection of its principles. Romanism unquestionably is everywhere recovering itself, putting out extraordinary energy, rousing something like the old enthusiasm, and making progress most where her enemies had been the strongest. Men of intellect may see the falsehood of her doctrines as clearly as ever they saw them. But men of intellect are not the majority. The vote of a peasant is as useful to Rome as the vote of a philosopher. The Catholic Church and the civil governments are rival claimants for the same dominion. They can be friends only when one is weak and the other strong, when one yields and the other rules. The Church was beaten upon her knees by the Reformation, and for two centuries she has been docile and submissive. She is growing again like another Antæus, and a fresh conflict is now not very far off.

When two opposing principles flourish together in the common soil of human nature, it is likely that each represents some side of truth which the other ignores. The line of human progress is the equation of the compound forces of freedom and authority. Freedom runs into anarchy ; authority runs into tyranny. By the "endless jar" of these two tendencies the curve of advance is traced out. It pleases us to say that all men have a natural right to liberty. But perhaps only those have a right to liberty who deserve it, and can use it well ; and, although the law may not be able to select the deserving from the undeserving, fact, nevertheless, will find out the distinction and will refuse to recognize a theory which

denies its existence. We say that all men are equal. We say it to no purpose if nature has made us unequal. We say that all men have an equal right to a voice in the government of the state. It may be that only the wise and competent ought to have a voice in it at all ; that the majority are as little able to choose their ablest statesman as to choose their ablest artist, their ablest poet, their ablest philosopher, their ablest religious teacher ; and as in fact contemporaries never have recognized their best men in these departments, the majority at any given time possesses not the highest discernment, but only average discernment, and the persons whom they select for honors are those who best represent the average prevailing insight. How the wisest are to be discovered, and how, when discovered, are to be raised to power, is a problem which has never been solved completely, and never will be solved completely. We have to be content with approximations to a solution—some nearer to completeness, some further from it. Universal suffrage is one method which under certain conditions answers better than any other would do ; but it is no law of nature. It is a passing expedient, like the rest. It will succeed while those conditions continue ; it will break down and pass away when the conditions change.

We say that every man has a right to his own opinion, whether it be true or false ; that he has a right to think and act as he pleases, so long as he does not injure his neighbor, and that no one has any business to interfere with him. Doubtless no man or body of men, either by right of birth, or by state selection, or by the putting on of bishops' hands, or by any artificial title whatever, can receive authority to dictate to others what they are to do or think. It is no less true that every false opinion is a misfortune to a man ; that he can not act upon it without hurting himself, and indirectly or directly hurting society ; that society prospers precisely so far as the members of it can be persuaded, and in great matters, if persuasion will not serve, can be driven, to act rightly and not wrongly. We shall never see our way so long as we talk only about our rights. For rights we must read responsibilities. The rights of man are we know not what. The responsibilities of man are practical realities which find us out at every false step which we take. A state of things in which the action of government is restricted to the prevention of crime and statutable fraud, and where beyond those limits all men are left to go their own way—to be honest or dishonest, pure or profligate, wise or ignorant, to lead what lives they please, and preach what doctrines they please—may have been a necessary step

in the evolution of humanity ; but as surely, if no other principle had ever been heard of, or acted on, civilization would have stood still, hardly above the level of barbarism. As surely, unless the wheel of progress is to turn backward, and we are to decline as we have risen, the natural superiority of truth to falsehood, and right to wrong, will recover in some shape or other the form of practical authority ; and it is this principle of authority which Romanism has all along insisted on. That the Catholic Church is our divinely appointed guide, may be a false inference, but that there ought to be some guidance is true, and, as long as "modern civilization" continues to deny it, a growing section of mankind will support the Church in refusing to "reconcile itself" with modern civilization, and will go back into allegiance to the Church till some better authority is found. It is the fashion to say that the modern man is free ; that submission to authority is mean and servile. On the contrary, it is precisely as men understand what real freedom means, that they submit to what is better than themselves ; and those who clamor loudest for their rights are those who have fewest rights which deserve to be respected.

Thus the conflict will go on, and may last for some generations. Liberalism will not easily be convinced that it has been mistaken ; and Romanism burdened as it is with so many spiritual incredibilities and so dark a history, could never have stood its ground, or have recovered ground which it had lost, unless it represented something most real, which the world can not afford to forget. It will not win in the long run. Very noticeable is the fact that it shows most signs of vigor in Protestant countries, where the intellectual and moral energy is the strongest. Its ranks are numerically respectable. In the Old and the New World alike Roman Catholics are an actual majority. But Spain and Portugal are not likely to affect deeply the practical fortunes of Europe. The Bonapartists are not promising allies in France, and the Austrians are the losing side in Germany. Nor will Spanish America affect the convictions of the world beyond its own limits. In England and America the Church's soldiers are the Irish ; and the Irish, whatever weight their numbers may lend to the Church's immediate pretensions, may ultimately more embarrass the cause than strengthen it. The Irish are interesting for their misfortunes. No one can refuse to admire the passionate tenacity with which they cling to their faith and their country. But no cause has ever prospered as yet with which Ireland has been connected. She has never ceased to struggle, but

her struggles have ended uniformly in failure ; and there is a certain ridiculousness in the Catholic Church, which claims to represent the Almighty upon earth, being supported in its most ambitious campaign by voting regiments of Irish peasants.

Both England and the United States have something to learn from her, and the lesson may be unpleasant and humiliating. But Romanism as a theological creed can not again command the serious belief of the intelligent part of mankind. A galvanic "grammar of assent" may make the dead limbs seem to move ; but the movement is artificial. The heart does not beat, the blood does not run in the veins. The life once gone does not come back again.

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